

1*

The Second Volume of the
BRITISH ANTIDOTE
 TO
Caledonian Poison:

*Contains Twenty-five of the most humorous Satirical,
 Political Prints for the Years 1762 and 63, viz.*

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 26 The Bagshot Frolick | 38 The Fishermen |
| 27 The Congress | 39 Sawney in Office |
| 28 The Caledonian Pacifica- | 40 The Times |
| tion | 41 The Good Ship, Old Engl. |
| 29 The Highland Seer | 42 The Scotch Cradle |
| 30 The Laird of the Boot | 43 Provision for the Convent |
| 31 The Coach over-turn'd | 44 The Evacuation |
| 32 The Scotch Hurdy- | 45 A Hieroglyphic Letter |
| Gurdy | 46 The Asses of Great-Brit. |
| 33 Gisbal and Bathsheba | 47 The Mountebank |
| 34 We are all Come | 48 The Scotch Idol |
| 35 Boot put to Flight | 49 Blocks for Hogarth's Wigs |
| 36 Without | 50 Lyon in Boots |
| 37 Within | |

To which is added, all the Poetical Poems, Essays, Songs, &c.

To DULNESS sacred Cause for ever true,
 Thy darling CALEDONIAN Goddeffs view,
 The Pride and Glory of thy SCOTIA's Plains,
 And faithful Leader of her VENAL Swains,
 Loaded he moves beneath a fervile Weight,
 The Dull laborious PACKHORSE of the STATE.

WHITEHEAD.

LONDON: Sold at E. SUMPTER's, Bookseller, three
 Doors from Shoe-Lane, Fleet-Street; at HARVEST's
 Print-Shop, Heming's-Row, St. Martin's-Lane; and at
 Edinburgh and Dublin.

(Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence,)

Great Allowance made where a Quantity is taken.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is necessary to acquaint the Public, to prevent their being grossly impos'd on, that there is a base Copy of this Book Publish'd. Therefore the Purchasers are desired to ask for that Sold at Mr. *Sumpter's*; where the Volumes may be had together or sepe-
rate, Bound or Unbound, Colour'd or Plain.



A general Humorous
EXPLANATION.

Plate 1. **SHOWS** *France* and *Spain* in Combination, artfully contriving to choak poor *Britannia* with a *Thistle*, who in that dangerous Situation is loudly calling out upon her darling Patriot *Pitt* to save her from Destruction.

2. An exact Representation of several noble and ignoble Personages playing at *See-Saw*, a very just Emblem of the Ballance of *Scotch* Power in *Little-Britain*.

3. A young sucking *Lyon* drawn in a Go-Cart through the City by a *Welch* Nanny Goat and a *Scotch* Grey, who are bearing him hastily to the *Thistle* Inn, *Scotland* Yard.

4. A Group of droll Caricatures going to receive the Reward due to their Merit; but who they are, or where they are going, or for what they are going, we don't think so convenient to explain at present, as we have no great Inclination to pop our Heads through a certain wooden Machine, invented by a Set of arbitrary Men, to punish all those who are so unfortunate as to be wiser than themselves.

5. Is a Proof of the Instability of human Nature, and shews us, that Pride must one Day or other have a Fall,
A how

how soon that happy Period will happen, is impossible to prognosticate as *Affairs stand* at present; but if the Author of this Plate is so lucky as to be blest with the Spirit of Divination, we may naturally hope the *Gullden Hero* is now endeavouring with all his Might to bring about so glorious and wish'd for a Crisis.

6. When Princes suffer themselves to be thrown into an inglorious Lethargy by the Arts of designing Favourites, it is a certain Sign the D—m is plac'd upon a weak Foundation.

7. *Scotch Oeconomy*, or Ways and Means for wiping off the National Debt, by *Stuart Fitzbenrique's*, Projector, at the *Talbot-Inn*, in *Old Palace Yard, Westminster*.

8. G—t B—n is here aptly compared to a *Jack Boot*, in which some great Folks are dancing the *Scotch Vagaries*, while the *English* are oblig'd to pay the Piper.

9. This Plate is a melancholy Instance of the great Power of a short-liv'd Favourite; his Creatures are here seen eagerly vaulting into the most profitable Posts, though their bonny Patron is himself all the Time riding Post to the Devil.

10. *Gisbal* and *Barbabebe* riding through the Streets of *Nova Scotia* in a triumphant Car made in the Form of a *Boot*, and drawn by a *German Horse*, an *Arabian Zebra*, and an *English Fox*.

11. *Grace* Kick'd out of Doors to make room for Poverty, Pride, Ambition, and a long Train of, &c. &c. &c. &c.

12. *Britannia* is here represented revenging herself upon the Enemies of her Country, by bringing them

to that Place, "*from whence no Traveller return.*" This Print must be look'd on as a kind of Political Justice; and the Catastrophe of the *Scotch Farce* cannot fail of giving real Pleasure to every Well-wisher to his Country.

13. The present State of *G—t B—n*, a Scotch Incendiary blowing up the Fire of Faction, and a true English *Cock* endeavouring to quench it.

14. The famous Madam *Aprice* riding the *Zebra*, distributing her Favours to the Scotch, and bidding the English kiss her *Ass*.

15. *England* possessed with a bad *Constitution*, her Enemies recommend a Caledonian S—— Quack to restore her Health, but with Indignation refuses to take his Medicines, truly knowing, that when the Body unfortunately falls into bad Hands, the Remedy always proves worse than the Disease.

16. A once eminent Painter mounted on a Scaffold white washing the *Boat*. This Plate may with as much Propriety be called, Labour in Vain, or an Attempt to make the *Black-a-moor* White.

17. From barren *Caledonian* Lands,
Where Famine uncontroll'd commands,
The half-starv'd Clans in Search of Prey,
Come over the Hills and far away.

18. Its Companion. Both very proper to adorn the Apartments of every Scotchman on this Side of the *Tweed*.

19. The Black Joke, White Joke, Breeches unbutton'd,
A 2

button'd, Petticoats loose, the Devil of a Dance, or
'faith, what you will.

20. This Plate is a sufficient Explanation of itself.

21. His *Fingalian* Lairdship *Booted* and *Spur'd*, riding upon a *Lyon*, appears to his Countrymen as *Jupiter* did of old to *Dance*, in a Shower of Gold.

22. *John Bull* blind to his own Interest, supported by *Gisb-P's* Staff led by a *Fox* and *Goose*, bending beneath the Weight of his Sister *Pig*, who is accepting the Pledge of *Peace* from our most moderate Enemies, The whole of this Plate is a true Emblem of Petticoat
G — t.

23. Love in a Tent.

24. This Plate shews you how strangely E—d is bewitch'd by a *Caldean* Sorcerer, who by his hellish Spells has thrown the whole Nation into such Confusion, that unless some supernatural Power kindly condescends to break the Charm, we must expect to be for ever a miserable and undone People.

25. And *Nebuchadnezzar* the King set up an Image of Wood, and commanded all the Princes, Governors, Judges, Priests, Counsellors, Captains, &c. to fall down and Worship the Idol which he had erected. But, O my Countrymen! let us rather submit to be thrown into the Fiery Furnace, than yield to such Impiety; and pray that the Time may soon come, that this abominable Piece of Presumption shall meet with a Punishment it deserves, *Id est. Block to Block.*

26. A full and particular Account of a sharp and bloody Duel that was fought on *Bagshot Heath*, between *Colonel Futatine* and *Lord Dripping*, about the Right
of

of *Kitchen Stuff*. The old Proverb is here aptly verified, "The *Pott* calls the *Kettle* Black."

27. A certain Wooden Peer is here represented, setting out on a very important Embassy of a *peaceable* Nature, but wisely conjecturing that Things might not turn out so well as they should do, leaves his Head behind him, thereby thinking to Humbug *Jack* Catch in the Execution of his Office, as they have already Humbug'd the Nation.

28. "We have left undone those Things which we ought to have done, and we have done those Things which we ought not to have done."

29. My Lord and my Lady at the old Trade of Basket-making, interrupted at their Work by several unmannerly Apparitions of former Times. For a more clear Explanation, Vide *Smollett's impartial History of England*.

30. The old *State* Coach turn'd into a Hackney one, No. 1762, an elderly *Welch* Lady remarkable for her still loving the Smack of the Whip, driving a *Crown* Fare thro' thick and thin from *Stuarts* Rents to St. James's.

31. By Heavens 'twas bravely done,
First to attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to fall like Phaeton.

ROCHESTER.

32. Shews how easily this foolish N—n is play'd upon by bungling Pretenders. The Figures on each Side represent my Laird and my Lady *Showing* several worthy and loyal Personages out of their Places, because they would not consent to such Measures they
thought

thought would prove prejudicial to the Interests of their K—g and C—y.

33. That our Readers may conceive a better Idea of this Plate, we refer them to a pamphlet, entitled, *Gisbal*, an Hyperborean Tale; and if that should not be explicit enough, we refer them to a Book seldom read, called the Bible.

34. The fam'd Sons of Kebron leave their colder Climate, to come and warm themselves by our *Cole Fire*. The Standard of their Country is carried in Triumph before 'em, which they give Praise to, by Singing all the Way, "Glory be to thee, O Boot!"

35. The Locusts of *Scotland* hunted down by the Bull-dogs of *Old England*.

36. *English* Exports and *Scotch* Imports.

37. The Monitor, North Briton, Auditor and Briton Fishing on the Waters of Sedition, for Pensions and Places.

39. A melancholy Emblem of the present Scotch Innovation. Sawney is here seen possess'd of two Places in one public Office.

40. Mr. H—th besh—t, or, the Times are all t—d.

40. This shews you how imprudent it is to trust your Vessel to the Hands of an unskilful Pilot, he sees not the Shelves and Quicksands that lie hid, but impetuous drives where Rum lurks, and splitting upon a Rock, soon becomes a Prey to the merciless Billows.

41. Young *Leo* rock'd to Sleep by his *Scotch Tutor* and *Welsh Nurse*, that they may with more Safety sell his Play-Things to the best Bidder.

One

42. One of the Sisterhood of the *Cambrian Order*, bearing her favourite *Boor*, to their Convent.

43. The *Ass* in the *Lyon's Skin*, *bubbling* the People of E—d. Dr. *Smallwitt* feeling *Britannia's Pulse*, while Mr. *Reynard* the Apothecary is applying a *Clyster*, that obliges her to throw up her very *Vitals*, which Monsieur *Baboon* is eagerly catching in a *Bowl* appointed for that Purpose.

44. This whimsical Epistle is the Headpiece to a very curious Medley, called the *Peace Botchers*, which the Reader will find, if he will take the *Troubleto* turn back to the beginning of this Volume.

45. The Characters delineated in this Plate are humorously explained in a Song, called, *The Asses of Great-Britain*, inserted at the Beginning of this Volume.

46. A Mountebank Stage erected. Dr. *Mc Farce*, on the noted Scotch Empyrick distributing his Tincture of *Olive* to the People of E—d. Madam ap *Wagstaff*, the famous Tumbler, performing several Feats of Activity; the *Wandswoth* Trumpeter; the Devil turn'd Fisherman. Cum Multis Aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.

47. And the Lord said unto *Moses*, thy People have corrupted themselves, they have turn'd aside, quickly out of the way, which I commanded them; they have made them a Molten *Calf*, and worshipped it; therefore let me alone; that my Wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great Nation. *Exodus* 32. chap. 7. 8, and 10 Verse,

Several

48. Several curious Blocks of a modern Date, very striking Likenesses. If the Reader has not Penetration enough to find 'em out, I shall think his own only wanting to make the Group compleat.

49. The Reader I imagine has often in his Rambles through this Metropolis, seen the Sign of the *Cat in Boots*, but never till now beheld the *British Lyon*, so ridiculously accoutred as this Plate represents him, *Booted, Blinded, Jockeyed*; and as *Jago* says in the Play, "*As easily led by the Nose as Asses are.*" O Tempora! O Mores!

The



The Congress : Or, A Device to lower
the Land-Tax.

To the Tune of, *Doodle, Doodle, Do, &c.*

*Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum ;
Cum faber incertus scamnum, faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum : Deus inde ego, furum——*

HOR. SAT. viii. Lib. 1.

I.

HERE you may see the happy CONGRESS,
All now is done with such a *Bon-grace*,
No ENGLISH WIGHT can surely grumble,
Or cry, our TR—TY MAKERS fumble.

Doodle, Doodle, Do, &c.

II.

Who would not for a P—CE like this,
Replete with every kind of Bliss,
Give all our C—q—ts, all our Gain-a,
And glory in the HIGHLAND THANE-a,

Doodle, &c.

B

III,

III.

Our Manners now we all will change-a,
Talk ERSE and get the Sc—TT—SH Mange-a,
On Oatmeal Haggise, we will feed-a,
And SMITHFIELD Beasts no more shall bleed-a.

Doodle, &c.

IV,

A TARTAN PLAID each Chield shall wear-a,
With Bonnets blue we'll deck our Hair-a,
And make an Act, that no one may put
A Felt, or Beaver, on his *Caput*.

V.

Then strut with CALEDONIAN Pride,
SHAKESPEAR and MILTON fling aside,
On Bag-pipes play, and learn to Sing all,
Th' Atchievements of the mighty FINGAL.

Doodle, &c.

VI.

In Gratitude all this we owe-a,
For saving us from beaten Foe-a,
And is the least we surely can do,
For to regain lost NEWFOUNDL—DO.

Doodle, &c.

The

The Peace-Botchers : A New, Saty-
rical, Political Medley.

Being a PARADY on the Celebrated one of *Mack-
beath's*, in the *Beggar's Opera*.

By a disconsolate *ENGLISHMAN*.

Off with his Head, so much for B—.

Richard III.

A I R I. *Hapty Groves.*

O Cruel, cruel, cruel Case !
Must we suffer this Disgrace ?

A I R II. *Of all the Girls that are so smart.*

Since Fortune has, for three Years past,
Made GEORGE's Arms victorious,
O, let us not those Laurels blast,
And make a *Peace* inglorious.

A I R III. *Britons strike home.*

Britons be bold,
Exert the Strength,
You once did boast ;

B .2

A I R

A I R IV. *Chewy Chace,*

But, ah! I fear 'tis all in vain,
Proud *Sawney* rules the Roast.

A I R V. *Old Sir Simon the King.*

For let us still unsheath the Sword,
In Spite of dull horse-whip'd R—,
Who wanting more Gold to hoard,
For PEACE is making a Buffle.

A I R VI. *Joy to Great Cæsar.*

Like a M——y he'll prate,
Of Affairs of the S——.

A I R VII. *There was an old Woman. &c.*

Let PITT again govern the Helm, by brave Hearts
of Oak,
I warrant *Monsieur* will soon find we're not playing the
Joke.

A I R VIII. *Did you ne'er bear of a gallant Sailor.*

But poor *Britannia's* Fame expires,
While her base Sons prove Tr—y—rs all.

A I R IX. *Their Eyes, their Lips, &c.*

Her D—s, her L—ds, her Sq—es,
Corrupted are, and we must fall.

A I R

A I R. X. *Green Sleeves.*

Then since *Old England* has Laws in Store,
To punish the Rich as well as Poor,
For a *H—b—t Fair*, let's cry *Encore*,
Upon *T—r Hill*.

No sooner State-Physicians have found,
The Body has got a Limb unsound,
But they chop it off before it gains Ground,
Upon *T—r Hill*.



The Evacuations : Or, An Emetic for
Old England's Glories.

Tune, *Derry Down*.

O UR Country OLD ENGLAND appears very ill,
O Sick, Sick at Heart, since she took a *Scotch
Pill* ;
Behold her Blindfolded, the Quack is upon her,
And ADMINISTRERS, what makes her give up her
Honour.

Derry Down, &c.
O Honour

O Honour—oh GRACE—oh Disgrace view our Treasures,
Our Conquests thrown up, and fall into *French MEASURES* ;
Brother Gambler the *F*—, that the *Doze* should not fail,
To loose her *Back Settlements*, takes her Intail.
Derry, &c.

Here's a PEACE of the Puff-master's Wisdom—a *Bubble*,
An empty Exchange for Men, Money and Trouble,
Aloft the *Dutch Boar*, and the *French Ape* are grinning,
They laugh at our Losses, and what they are winning.
Derry, &c.

Observe, oh, observe, pray, the Bubbler's Intention,
See the Mountebank's Mob, how they catch'd at each Pension ;
The Baboon ope's a Shop for our *Newfoundland Fish*,
And a *Scotch Cook* has dress'd us this *Peace of a Dish*.
Derry, &c.

Martinico, *Guadaloupe*, the *Havannah*, ALL gone,
What we've GLORIOUS been doing, INGLORIOUS undone ;
From her *Patriot Statesman*, her CULLODEN CHIEF,
Britannia disconsolate begs for Relief.
Derry, &c.

Behold on her Shoulders a Mantle of PLAID,
As a *Pall* (for they'll bury Old ENGLAND) 'tis laid,
Mourn,

Mourn, *Mourn oh ye Britons*, for what she has lost,
They will make her give up, till she gives up the
GHOST.

Derry, &c.

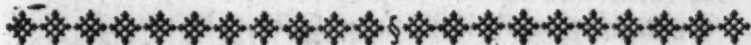
On the Ensigns of LIBERTY somebody treads,
And we fear that he *Somebody* wrong-headed leads,
And confident Brays, Dinna heed aw this Fuss,
• We are not fra Kings (Gued Troth) Kings are fra us.

Derry, &c.

I'll finish my Song—if you ask why I chuse,
Such an old fashion'd Tune, to a new fashion'd Muse,
Among Friends (but be Mum) and the Secret I'll own,
The Chorus my Countrymen fit us—we're done.

Derry Down.

• The Motto to a certain Arms.



The Asses of *Great Britain*. An Answer to *Harry H-----d's* Ass.

By *Fart-inando*, a Modern Political Ass-trologer.

Tune, *The Ass in the Chaplet*.

PERMIT me good People (a whimsical Bard)
And Snarl, not ye Critical Clafs,

If

If once I presume without Fee or Reward,
To prove that each BRITON's an Ass.

First view HARRY H——D, that Scribling fat Wight,
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass;
A Dinner is wanting, then sits down to write,
And to the whole TOWN shows his A——.

At the best Post in BRITAIN, see SAWNEY now Plac'd,
Who thought it wou'd er'e come to pass,
When the LYON should thus be so vilely disgrac'd,
And led by the —— like an ——.

An Ass we are told, found a LYON's rough Hide,
And fain for grim LEO wou'd pass;
But when like the BRITON, to frighten he try'd,
His Braying discover'd the Ass.

The AUDITOR also attempted to roar,
In *Billingsgate* Wit did surpass;
The NORTH BRITON came, a good Cudgel he bore,
And smartly corrected the Ass.

Old SHYLOCK the JEW, who in *Change Alley* strives,
The Wealth of the Land to amass;
While into your Pockets he openly dives,
Of each BULL and BEAR makes an Ass.

Let fly canting SQUINTUM, that sanctify'd Prig,
But once take a Peep in the Glas;

Instead

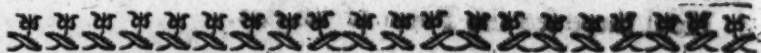
Instead of a Saint with the Spirit grown big,
He'll there see the Form of an Ass.

When M—RE sally'd forth the fair Sex to relieve,
Like QUIXOTE or Sir HUDIBRASS,
That FANNY was scratching, as Truth did believe,
But now finds himself a dull Ass.

Blind JUSTICE who owes the sad Loss of his Sight,
To some unkind Love-inflam'd Lads,
May boast he can plainly discern Wrong from Right,
JACK CATCH will soon prove him an Ass.

But now to conclude, Sirs, I think it high Time,
This sing Song, satyrical Farce,
And if you don't kindly encourage his Rhyme,
The AUTHOR will look like an Ass.





Extracts from the
PROPHECY of FAMINE.
A
SCOTS PASTORAL.

BY Nature's Charms (inglorious Truth !) subdued,
However plain her Dress, and Haviour rude ;
To *Northern* Climes my happier Course I steer,
Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the Year,
Where undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* Plan,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare Soil, where Virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty Blessings doth not ENGLAND owe,
What *Waggon-loads* of Courage, Wealth and Sense,
Doth each revolving Day import from thence ?
To us she gives, disinterested Friend,
Faith without Fraud, and STUARTS without End.
When we Prosperity's rich Trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous Sons, and take a Share,
And if, by some disastrous Turn of Fate,
Change should ensue, and Ruin sieze our State,

Shall

Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd Ground,
Such Refuge, as the HOLY MARTYR found?
In simple manner utter simple Lays,
And take with simple Pensions, simple Praise.

Waft me some Muse to TWEED's inspiring Stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull Waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the Power of Sleep,
Where on the Surface lead, like Feathers, swims;
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd Limbs,
As once a SYRIAN bath'd in JORDAN's Flood,
Wash off my native Stains, correct that Blood
Which mutinies at Call of *English* Pride.
And, deaf to Prudence, rolls a *Patriot* Tide.

From solemn Thought, which overhangs the Brow
Of Patriot Care, when Things are—God knows how;
At *Friendship's* Summons will my * WILKES retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that *antient* Seat,
That *antient* Seat, where Majesty display'd
Her Ensigns, *long before the World was made*?

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched Lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm Reason credit idle Tales,
By Rancour forg'd where Prejudice prevails;
Or starves at home, or practises, thro' Fear
Of Starving, Arts which damn all Conscience here.
When *Scribblers*, to the Charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their Head,

* JOHN WILKES, Esq; Member for Ay—b—y, the sup-
pos'd Author of the *North-Briton*.

The *Scots* are poor, cries surly English Pride,
 True is the Charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
 " Into our Places, States, and Beds they creep ;"
 They've Sense to get what we want Sense to keep.

Two Boys, whose Birth beyond all Question springs
 From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, Kings,
 Shepherds of *Scottish* Lineage, born and bred,
 On the same bleak and barren Mountain's Head,
 By niggard'd Nature doom'd on the same Rocks
 To spin out Life, and starve themselves and Flocks,
 Fresh as the Morning, which, enrob'd in Mist,
 The Mountain-top with usual Dulness kiss'd,
 JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their Labours rose ;
 Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no Cloaths ;
 Where, from their Youth enur'd to winter Skies,
 Dress, and her vain Refinements, they despise.

JOCKEY, whose manly high-bon'd Cheeks to crown
 With freckles spotted, flam'd the golden Down,
 With mickle Art, could on the Bagpipes play,
 E'en from the rising to the setting Day ;
 SAWNEY as long, without Remorse, could bawl
 HOME's Madrigals, and Ditties from FINGAL.
 Oft at his Strains, all natural, tho' rude,
 The *Highland Lass* forgot her want of Food ;
 And, whilst she *scotch'd* her Lover into rest,
 Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her SAWNEY's Breast,

Far as the Eye could reach, no Tree was seen,
 Earth, clad in Ruffet, scorn'd the lively Green,
 The Plague of Locusts they, secure, defy,
 For in three Hours a Grasshopper must die.

No

No living Thing, whate'er its Food, feasts there,
 But the Chamelion, who can feast on Air.
 No Birds, except as Birds of Passage, flew,
 No Bee was known to hum, no Dove to coo.
 No Streams as Amber smooth, as Amber clear,
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here :
 Rebellion's Spring, which thro' the Country ran,
 Furnish'd, with bitter Draughts, the steady Clan.
 No Flow'rs embalm'd the Air, but one white Rose,
 Which, on the Tenth of June, by Instinct blows ;
 By Instinct blows, at Morn, and when the Shades
 Of drizly Eve prevail, by Instinct fades.

One, and but one, poor solitary Cave,
 Too sparing of her Favours, Nature gave ;
 That one alone (hard tax on Scottish Pride)
 Shelter at once for Man and Beast supply'd.
 Their Snares *without* entangling Briers spread,
 And Thistles, arm'd against th' Invader's Head,
 Stood in close Ranks all Entrance to oppose,
 Thistles now held more precious than the Rose.
 And FAMINE, by her *Children always known,*
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native Throne.

Here, for the sullen Sky was over-cast,
 And Summer shrunk beneath a wintry Blast.
 A native Blast, which arm'd with Hail and Rain
 Beat unrelenting on the naked Swain,
 The Boys for Shelter made ; behind the Sheep,
 Of which those Shepherds ev'ry Day *take keep,*
 Sickly crept on, and, with Complainings rude,
 On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for Food.

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this Cave, by Tempest, we're confin'd,
 And within *ken* our Flocks, under the Wind,
 Safe from the Pelting of this perilous Storm,
 Are laid *among* yon Thistles, dry and warm,
 What, Sawney, if by Shepherd's Arts we try
 To mock the Rigour of this cruel Sky?
 What if we tune some merry Roundelay?
 Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, I *wis*,
 To think of Songs at such a Time as this.
 Sooner shall Herbage crown these barren Flocks,
 Sooner shall Fleeces cloath these ragged Rocks,
 Sooner shall Want seize Shepherds of the South,
 And we forget to live from Hand to Mouth,
 Than Sawney, out of Season, shall impart
 The Songs of Gladness with an aching Heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly Swain;
 Of Things past Help, what boots it to complain?
 Nothing but Mirth can conquer Fortune's Spite;
 No Sky is heavy, if the Heart be light;
 Patience is Sorrow's Salve; what can't be cur'd,
 So Donald right *areeds*, must be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

S A W N E Y.

Full filly Swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now ;
 How did'st thou bear thy MAGGY's Falshood ? how,
 When with a foreign Loon she stole away,
 Did'st thou forswear thy Pipe, and Shepherd's Lay ?
 Where was thy boasted Wisdom then, when I
 Applied those Proverbs, which you now apply ?

J O C K E Y.

O she was *bönnny* ! all the Highlands round
 Was there a Rival to my MAGGY found !
 More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
 Than the rare Medicine, which we Brimstone call,
 Or that choice Plant, so grateful to the Nose,
 Which in, I know not what, far Country grows,
 Was MAGGY unto me ; dear do I rue,
 A Lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

S A W N E Y.

Whether with Pipe or Song to charm the Ear,
 Thro' all the Land did JAMIE find a Peer ?
 Curs'd be that Year by ev'ry honest Scot,
 And in the Shepherd's Calendar forgot,
 That fatal Year, when JAMIE, hapless Swain,
 In evil Hour forsook the peaceful Plain.
 JAMIE, when our young Laird discreetly fled,
 Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

J O C K E Y.

Full sorely may we all lament that Day ;
 For all were Losers in the deadly Fray.

Five

Five Brothers had I on the Scottish Plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful Swains ;
Five Brothers there I lost, in Manhood's Pride,
Two in the Field, and three on Gibbets died ;
Ab ! filly Swains, to follow War's Alarms,
Ab ! what hath Shepherd's Life to do with Arms ?

S A W N E Y.

Mention it not — there saw I Strangers clad
In all the Honours of our ravish'd *Plaid*,
Saw the FERRARA too, our Nation's Pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward Victor's Side.
There fell our choicest Youth, and from that Day
Mort never Sawney tune the merry Lay.
Bless'd those which fell ! curs'd those which still sur-
vive.

To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the Boys, when from her Throne of
Turf,

With Boils emboss'd, and overgrown with Scurf,
Vile Humours, which, in Life's corrupted Well
Mix'd at the Birth, not Abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the Head; her eager Eyes,
Were Hunger e'en to Madness seem'd to rise.

Cease, cried the Goddess, cease, despairing Swains,
And from a Parent hear what Jove ordains !

Pent in this barren Corner of the Isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile !
Like Nature's Bastards, reaping for our Share,
What was rejected by the lawful Heir ;
Unknown amongst the Nations of the Earth,
Or only known to raise Contempt and Mirth ;

Long

Long free, because the Race of Roman braves
 Thought it not worth their while to make us Slaves ;
 Then into Bondage by that Nation brought,
 Whose Ruin we for Ages vainly fought,
 Whom still with unslack'd Hate we view, and still,
 The Pow'r of Mischief lost, retain the Will ;
 Consider'd as the Refuse of Mankind,
 A Mass till the last Moment left behind,
 Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
 Whether to stamp with Life, or throw away ;
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this Nook,
 But never enter'd in Creation's Book ;
 Branded as Traitors, who, for Love of Gold,
 Would sell their God, as once their King they sold ;
 Long have we borne this mighty Weight of Ill,
 These vile injurious Taunts, and bear them still,
 But Times of happier Note are now at Hand,
 And the full Promise of a better Land :
There, like the Son of Israel, having trod,
 For the fix'd Term of Years ordain'd by God,
 A barren Desert, we shall seize rich Plains,
 Where Milk with Honey flows, and Plenty reigns.
 With some few Natives join'd, some *Phiant* few,
 Who worship Int'rest, and one Track pursue,
 There shall we, tho' the wretched People grieve,
 Ravage at large, nor ask the Owner's Leave.
 The sail of COMMERCE for our Use unfurl'd,
 Shall waft the Treasures of each distant World ;
 For us, sublimer Heights shall Science reach,
 For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen preach :

D

Their

Their noblest Limbs of Counsel we'll disjoint,
 And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
 Devouring WAR, imprison'd in the North,
 Shall, at our Call, in horrid Pomp break forth,
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful Prey,
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give Way.

Think not, my Sons, that this so blest'd Estate
 Stands at a Distance on the Roll of Fate;
 Already big with Hopes of future Sway,
 E'en from this Cave I scent my destin'd Prey:
 Think not, that this Dominion o'er a Race,
 Whose former Deeds shall Time's last Annals grace,
 In the rough Face of Peril must be sought,
 And with the Lives of Thousands dearly bought;
 No—Fool'd by Cunning, by that happy Art,
 Which laughs to Scorn the blund'ring Hero's Heart,
 Into the Snare shall our kind Neighbours fall
 With open Eyes, and fondly give us all.
 Bless'd with that *Faith*, which Mountains can remove,
 First they shall *Dupes*, next *Saints*, last *Martyrs* prove.

Already is this Game of Fate begun
 Under the Saction of my darling Son,
 That Son, whose Nature Royal as his Name,
 Is destin'd to redeem our Race from Shame.
 His boundless Pow'r, beyond Example great,
 Shall make the rough Way smooth, the crooked
 straight,

Shall for our Ease the raging Floods restrain,
 And sink the Mountain level to the Plain.

DISCORD, whom in a Cavern under Ground,
 With massy Fetters their late Patriot bound,

Where

Where her own Flesh the furious Hag might Tear,
 And vent her Curses to the vacant Air,
 Where, that she never might be heard of more,
 He planted LOYALTY to guard the Door,
 For better Purpose shall Our Chief release,
 Disguise her for a Time, and call her PEACE.

We have just given an Extract from this best of Mr. Churchill's Performances, to whom it wou'd be the highest Injustice not to mention to the Reader, that what is here selected, is not the so much the best Part of the Poem ; as that it was so well adapted to the Subject of the *British Antidote* ; that we could not forbear transcribing some Passages in it, which Liberty we shou'd not have taken, had it not been done before in several Monthly Performances. Amongst the many Beauties with which it abounds ; the Description of the Cave and Person of Famine, carries great Force in the Paintings, the Satire is manly and strong ; the Pastoral Part contains great Humour, and is the Contrast to that of the flinzy Kind, where pure Description holds the Place of Sense ; the greatest Part of which we were oblig'd to omit ; but every Person that wou'd be possessed of one of the best Pastorals or Satires in the *English* Language, may have the Original at G. Kearsey's, in Ludgate-Street.

F I N I S.

Where but one Path the Father's Flag in Light
And whether Quies in the Sacred Air
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
The planned for a try to guard the Door,
For better Purpose shall Our Child be sent,
In quietude for a Time, and call her Name.

We have just given an Extract from this part of Mr.
Clement's Performance, to whom it would be
highly unjust not to mention to the Reader, that
what is here to be seen, is not the whole of the
of the Poem; as that it was so well adapted to the
Subject of the Poem, that we could not
without transcribing some passages in it, which be-
lieve we should not have taken, had it not been done
before in several other Performances. Amongst the
many Beauties with which it is adorned; the Description
of the Cave and Prison of the Prisoner, which is
placed in the Introduction, the same manner as in
the Poem; but contains great beauties, and is
one of the finest parts of the Poem, which
besides the Force of the great ideas, which
we were obliged to omit; but every one who would
be possessed of one of the best Editions of the Poem
in our Language, may have the Original at G.
and H. in Bagin Street.



THE DAGHORI FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DAGHORI



THE BAGSHOT FROLICK or the POT-LID & LUCKHORN.



THE CONGRESS.





The CALEDONIAN PACIFICATION, or ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

28

Remember, be true should claim the Storm of War;
Not urge the Rage of Victory, the Sea;
For some of us, it's true, should not regret,
And, for the Masses, not to be regret,
To be from Peace declining, States, to be,
The Duke of Albany, to be, to be.

To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;
To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;
To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;
To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;
To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;
To make it sure, be the Foundation fact;



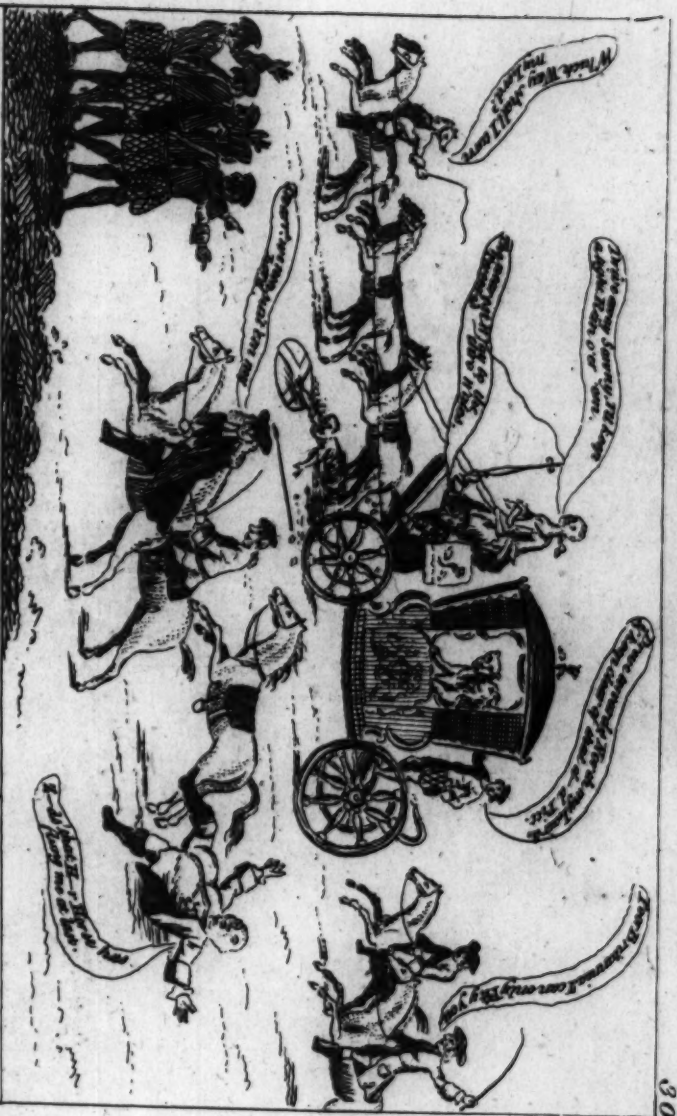


THE HIGHLAND SEER, OR POLITICAL VISION.

[illegible]



THE LAIRD OF THE BOOT;



See the Cooshy put with Scottish Thorns, ---
A Female marrying the Rains, ---
O'er poor Britannia's father's drive, ---
In vain her sons to save her strive : ---
The men Old Gault, England's Pie,
Great Alexander too beat it ---
But all may now give o'er Pursuit,
The Scots gain Ground if --- smelt the Boot.





PATRIOTISM TRIUMPHANT, or THE BOOT PUT TO FLIGHT.









The Scotch Hurdy Gurdy or the Musical Boot

32

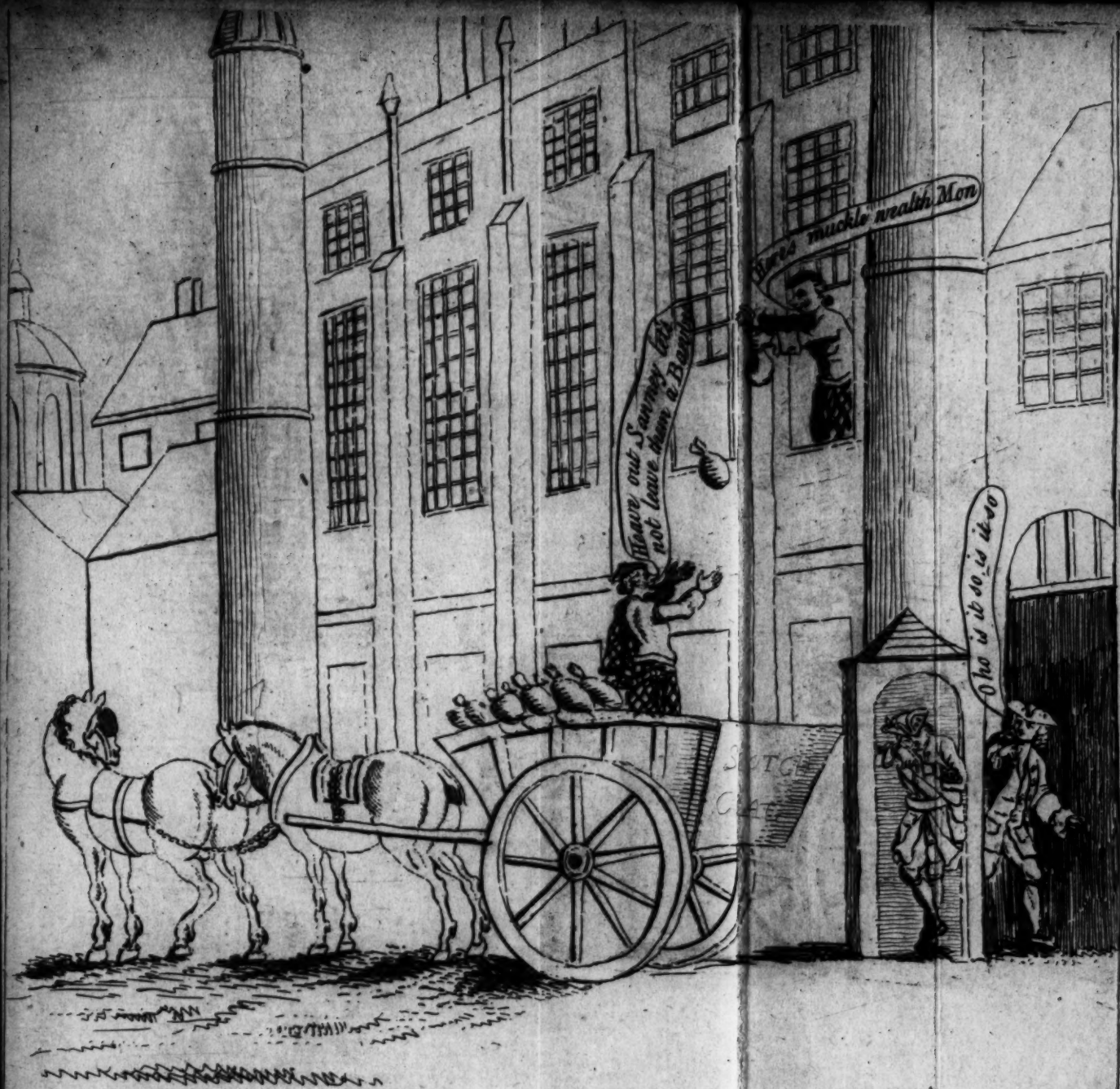




THE COACH OVERTURNED, or the FALL OF MORTIMER.

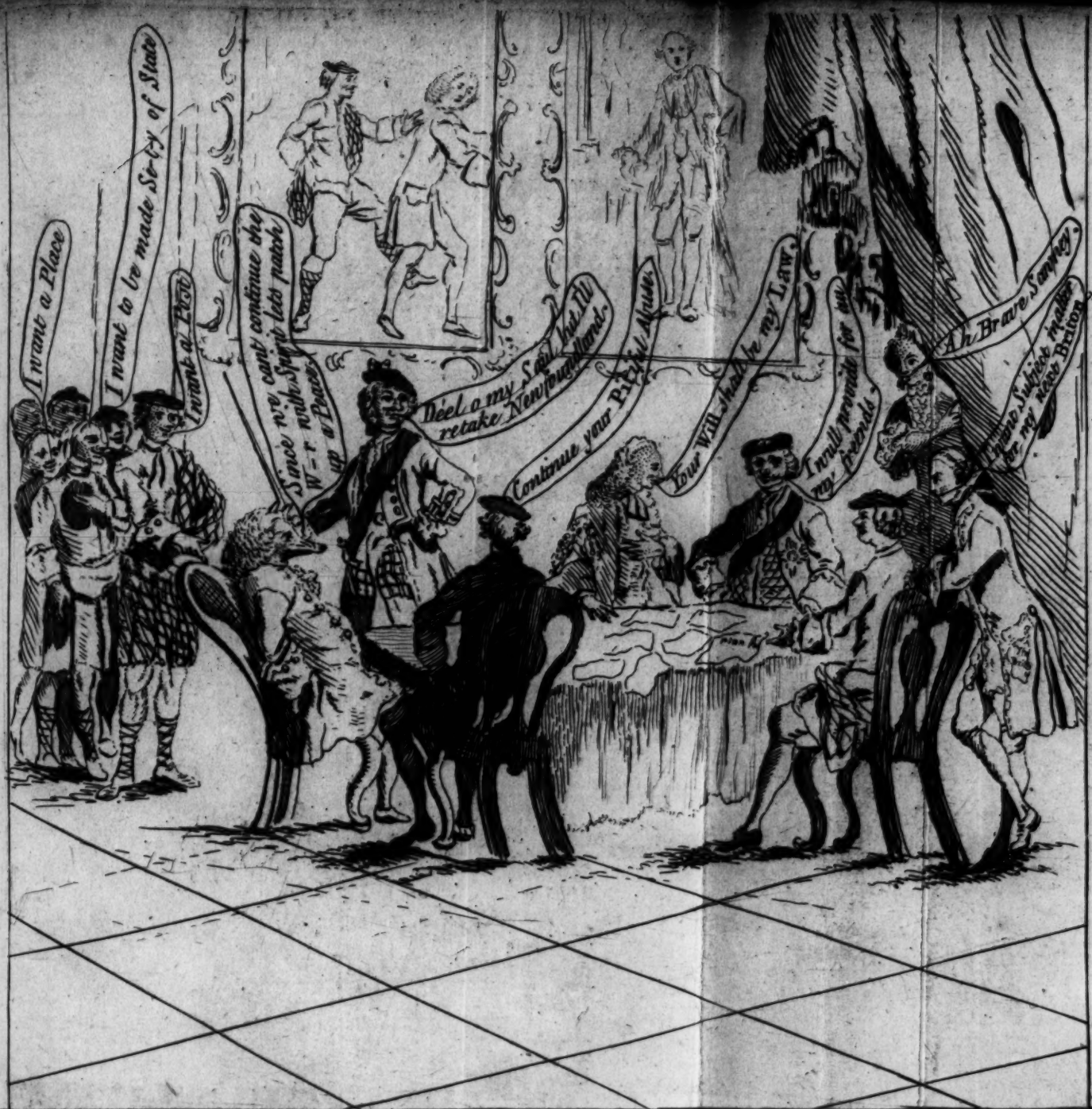


*With Rapture, Urania, take Notice at last,
Proud Sannyas is turn'd over by driving post fast;
I come to who to Honour and Wealth shall meet,
The fair-English-Rose shall gain her the Bells,
And in Beauty the Ladies of Gallia excel;
The Thistle our King's own Devotion shall meet.*



WITHOUT

With Shame O BRITONS here behold
 Sly SAWNEY Pocketting your Gold —
 While we who get it for his use —
 Are forced to Pocket the Abuse —
 But leaving them to laugh that win —
 Lets see what Tricks are play'd within —



WITHIN

See here the *STATE* turn'd upside down
 The *BONNET* triumphs o'er the
 The half starv'd *CLANS* in hopes of Prey
 Come o'er the Hills and far away,
 But let us still our Rights maintain
 And drive the *LOCUST'S* home again.

THE FISHERMEN.

38



When we go round, we shall find
 That the fishermen are not so
 As you are, and that they are not so
 As you are, and that they are not so.



J.
H.
S.

SAWNEY IN THE BOG-HOUSE.

39



*Sawney who ever from his Birth, Down each Hole thrusts his bowry Thi.
Had dropt his Cates on Mother Earth, Sawney's a Laird, he cries, I tron!
Shewn to a Boghouse, with Surprise, How did he nobly sh-e till now.*



By request from the Director
of the British Museum
for the purpose of
the collection of
the British Museum
Library

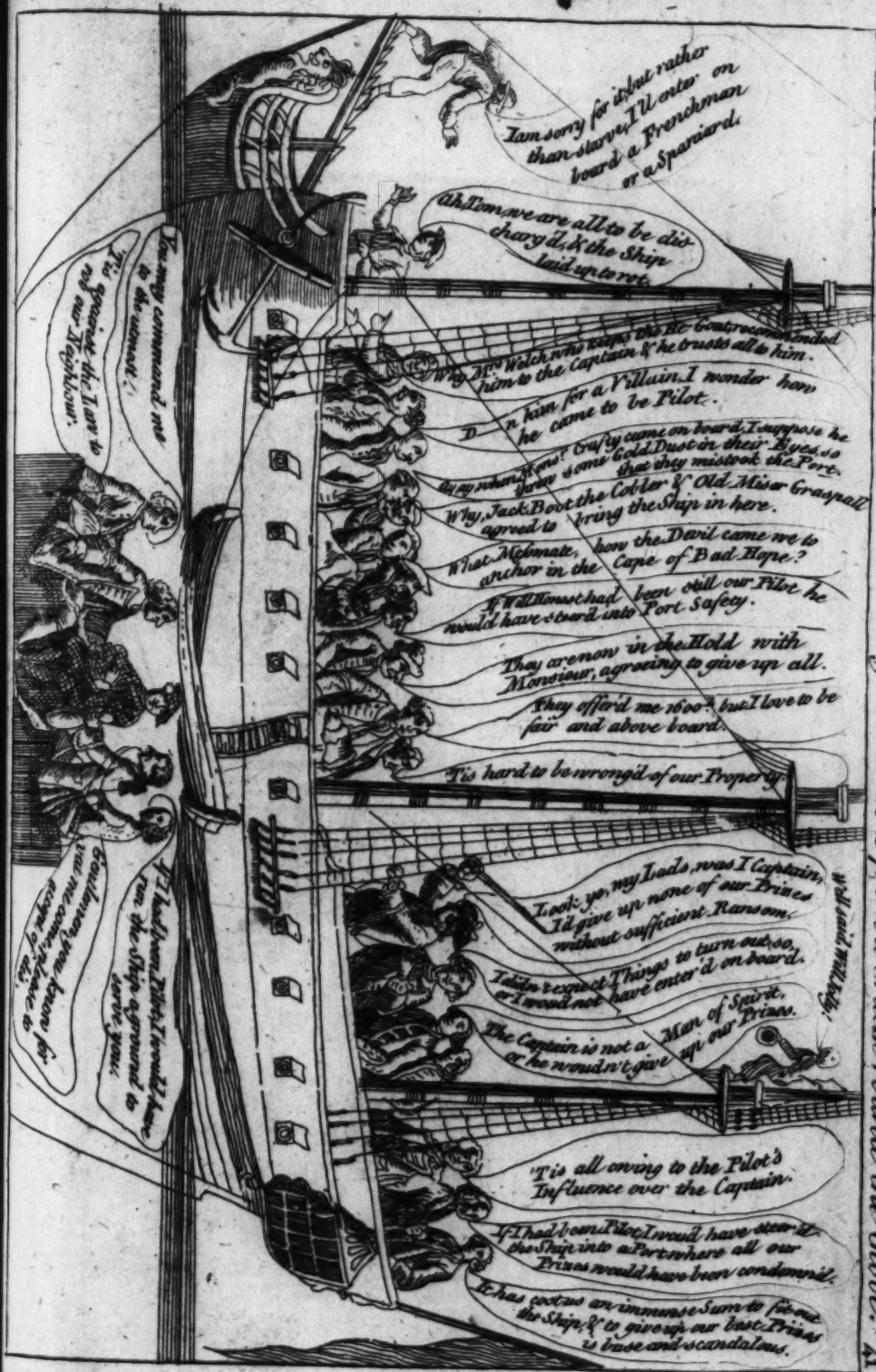
THE PLACES.



So they began to burn his brain
 'Till the other folks in the market square
 Cries



One of the OLD ENGLISH just arrived from a Cruise round the Globe. 41



I am sorry for it but rather than starve I'll enter on board a Frenchman or a Spaniard.

Oh Tom, we are all to be discharged & the Ship laid up to rot.

You may command me to do what I like, but I'll go against the Law to get our 12 Englishmen.

Why Mr Welch who keeps the De Contre-maître under him to the Captain & he trusts all to him. Is he for a Villain. I wonder how he came to be Pilot.

As you know, some Crafty came on board, I suppose he threw some Gold Dust in their Eyes, so that they mistook the Port. Why, Jack Boot the Cobbler & Old Mistr Graspall agreed to bring the Ship in here.

What Nightmare, how the Devil came we to anchor in the Cape of Bad Hope? If William had been still our Pilot he would have steered into Port Safety.

They are now in the Hold with Monsieur, agreeing to give up all.

They offered me 1000^l but I love to be fair and above board.

'Tis hard to be wrong'd of our Property.

Look ye, my Lords, was I Captain, I'd give up none of our Prizes without sufficient Ransom.

I didn't expect Things to turn out so, or I would not have enter'd on board.

The Captain is not a Man of Spirit, or he wouldn't give up our Prizes.

'Tis all owing to the Pilot's Influence over the Captain.

If I had been Pilot I would have steered the Ship into a Port where all our Prizes would have been condemn'd.

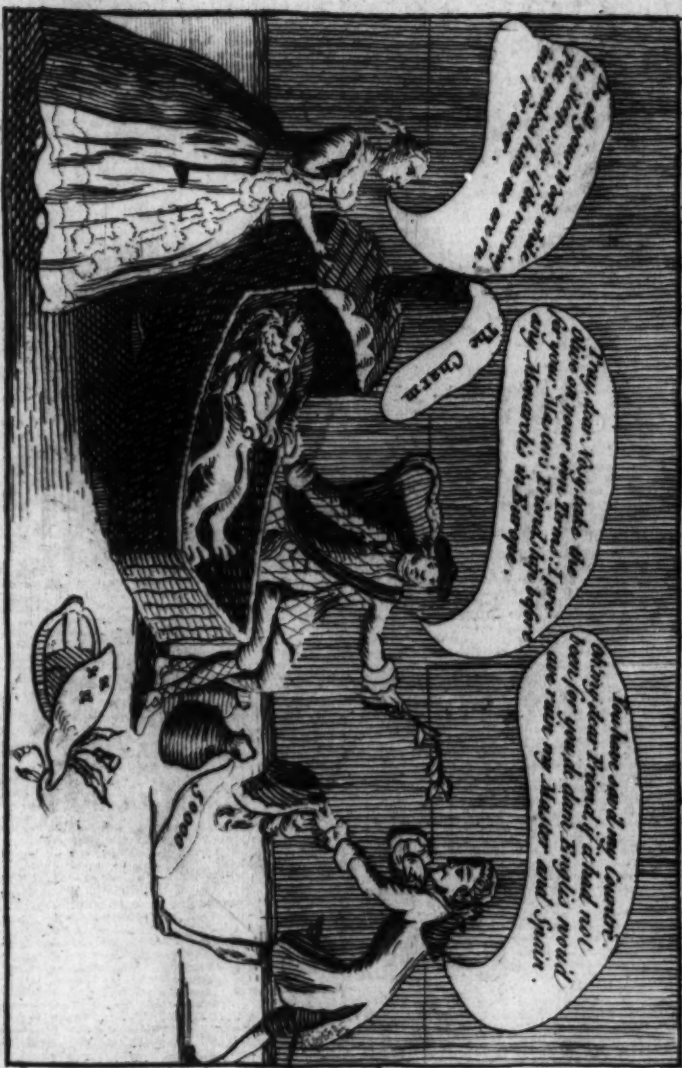
It has cost us an immense Sum to find the Ship, & to give up our best Prizes is base and scandalous.

If I had been Pilot I would have run the Ship aground to save your Goods, now you know for what we come, please to excuse us.



THE SCOTCH CRADLE, or the CALEDONIAN NURSE.

49





PROVISION for the SCOTCH CONVENT.

43









H

it

sh

nd


































A Rum Letter to a Rum Duke
by a Rum Fogo

May it Please Gr

Permit me Unknown Congratulate you & make no doubt
Negotiator of a between us & our long inveterate Neighbour
Undertake of so import & wish'd for an Employ Peaceable dispo
Hibernian C—K—D want see whether inside n Has claim
it woud certainly have been neath the acteristick of so Noble so sagacious so m
shoud Gr succeed in the Embassy going upon how will Extold des d v Thope
Self 2 Skill will taken of the Land by Gr cant gain less
Vanish'd her native Pl the other side o' the Tweed perhaps some ally Scriblers Employ
unspoil Name with the vile Epithets of Traytor Country
Gr Junderwent at L-d I tire Gr sh there, conclude by begging
Voyage Paris and like a I put in mind of memorable saying "once in
I am

m Duke on a Rum Occasion

am Fogerum

make no doubt the rest of my Country  will do the same upon  being fixt upon
 Neighbour's the French his Northern Lord  could  have chose I more  y for y
 ceable disposition  ready  n shewn in Ireland n  hot  ed
 as dam  outside hom Philosophic y did you  have on y Occasion
 egacious so much  have condescended to de  in the Blood of a poor pitifull Lord
 Thope  higher. I by the Good  of England n  blessings will  showerd down both on us
 cant gain less than 10000  Ann^m a  atcheiv^t Plenty will reign thro' the Land & Poverty
 blers Employd by those who love fighting better than U do may take upon them
 f  U  Withers are unwringing  is the Lash of  n  comd with
 by begging U  take y followin  under  protection its prattling will serve to amuse U
 ring "once in our lives it is decreed for  to die
 I am my Lord with sub  in  sinc Admirer



ASSES OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.





THE SCOTCH IDOL, or FAVOURITE BOOT.

48





Bybury and Neate's
of poets and prudent Bonnet Cushman & Wisdom Dornant
will manage this business. N^o. 300

A SET OF BLOCKS

FOR HO CARTILS WIGS



There are a pair of Heads not
Blocks which are to be heard
of at the Towns end of Halifax
that we cannot exhibit in this place
name of Mr Logarithms wigs falling



And in AB From a Highland Fir of vast length and
Thickness R the Hollow where the peice came
out. the rest of y NADIRs are hewn out of the
Cocoa Tree except DASHWOOD
CB's crest blazoned out volant Thistle rampant
Spectacles pendant Bonnet Couchant Wisdom dormant

The Lyon well BOOTED, or Pettycoat Influence.

50



*Englishmen reward, & Scotchmen's power dread,
Or they'll deprive you of Liberty, Life and Bread.*



